



To-morrow on this Page

By BRET HARTE.

WHEN THE WATERS WERE UP AT JULES'.

Miles Hemmingway, of San Francisco, a young man, formerly of Boston, who was secretary of a Western mining company, had been sent to report on a placer mining property a luies, a tiny settlement in the California interior. Arriving, he cound the annual flood filling the flats and the settlement temperarily installed on a small place of higher ground. They were watting for the fall of the waters to begin mining.

He was given quarters in the casbin of a woman, and had just removed the stains of his journey when he saw the woman running toward the cabin, a smile on her face.

She tells him her hame is all juny Jules. The cabin in which havon and jerked beef were hanging. She nodded. He dislodged the hooks, greased them with the bacon rind and affixed them; to the twine. "Fishin" she said, demurely.

Exactly," he replied, gravely.

He threw the line in the water. It slackened at

THIRD INSTALMENT.



BRET HARTE.

up on the hills by this time. The boys hev tated, and then with a mischievous simulation of cor-been drowned out many times afore this and rectness, added—"for the perfume." got clear off, on sluice-boxes and timber, without was cryin' when they picked him up."

A flush came to Hemmingway's cheek, but with a gleam of intelligence. Of course the inundation was known to them first, and there was the wreckage to "what were you laughing at just now?" support them! They had clearly saved themselves. If Her brown eyes wavered for a moment and then they had abandoned the cabin it was because they brimmed with merriment. She threw herself sideways

He threw the line in the water. It slackened a about six feet, straightened and became taut at ar 66 B UT the angle, and then dragged. After one or two sharp or the rs, where are caught in the hooks. He examined them attentively. they?" he said in-dignantly. "Do you overflow. There's no mud nor gravel on the hooks,

call that a laughing matter?"

She stopped at the sound of his voice "Let's see what you've caught. Look yer!" she added, as at a blow. Her suddenly lifting a fimp stalk; "that's 'old man,' and face hardened into thar a'n't a scrap of it grows nearer than Springer's

immobility, y e t Rise-four miles from home."
when she replied it "Are you sure?" he asked, quickly.

when she replied it was with the dellberate indolence of "For what?" he said, with a bewildered smile. "For this"-she thrust the leaves to his nose and "The wimmen are then to her own pink nostrils, "For-for"-she hest-

He loked at her admiringly. For all her 5 feet 10 squealin'! Tom Flynn went down ten miles to Saw-inches what a mere child she was after all! What a yer's once on two bar'ls, and I never heard that he fool he was to have taken a resentful attitude toward her. How charming and graceful she looked, kneeling

while with the other hand she slowly drew out her

"Anthing," said the girl with a laugh,
"What I am thinking of?" he said, with frankly

admiring eyes.

ward, suddenly caught the brim of his soft hat, and | er current and a collision with some submerged stump; acted upon it, was wanting. They were apparently in drawing it down smartly over his audacious eyes, or wreckage would loosen them and wreck the cabini the same position as before, but his sounding line said: "Everything but that." It was with some difficulty and some greater em- silence.

again.

When he did so she had risen and entered the cabin.

barrassment that he succeeded in getting his eyes free

But he said nothing. It was the girl who broke the showed that the water was slightly falling!

"Miles-that's a funny name. I reckon that's why Disconcerted as he was, he was relieved to see her you war so far off and distant at first." expression of amusement was unchanged. Was her Mr. Hemmingway thought this very witty, and said et a piece of rustic coquetry, or had she resented his so. advances? Nor did her next words settle the question. "But you was moving faster than the shanty was! I

"What's your front name?"

LIGHTENING THE BURDEN.



settled whar we are, whar we're goin', and what's goin' to happen. Jest now it 'pears to me that ez these yer logs are the only thing betwixt us and 'kingdom' what's going to happen." to clinch 'em to the floor."

obediently set to work, with little confidence, however, in the security of the fastening. There was neither rope nor chain for lashing the logs together; a strong-

"Ye kin do your nice talk and philanderin' after we've reckon you don't take that gai: with your lady friends

come,' ye'd better be hustlin' round with a few spikes, "But I do," she said, quietly. "In a couple of hours o clinch 'em to the floor."

She handed him a hammer and a few spikes. He

we'll be picked up, so you'll be free again."

Something in the confidence of her manner made him

He came back and imparted the fact with a certain

confidence born of her previous praise of his knowl-To his surprise she only laughed and said, lazily:

"We'll be all right, and you'll be free in about tw hours.

"I see no sign of it," he said, looking through the door again. "That's because you're looking in the water and the sky and the mud for it," she said, with a laugh "I reckon ye've bin trained to watch them things heap better than to study folks about here:"

"I dare say you're right," said Hemmingway, cheer fully, "but I don't clearly see what the folks about here have to do with our situation just now." "You'il see," she said, with a smile of mischievous mystery. "All the same," she added, with a sudden and dangerous softness in her eyes; "I sin't sayin' that you ain't kinder right, neither."

An hour ago he would have laughed at the thought that a mere look and sentence like this frrom the girl could have made his heart beat. "Then I may go -and talk?"

She smiled, but her eyes said "Yes," plainly. He turned to take a chair near. Suddenly the cabin trembled, there was a sound of scraping, a bump, and "I owe you some apology. Forgive my felly and imwere both thrown violently toward one corner, with a this?"

Hemmingway quickly caught the girl by the waist; she clung to him instinctively, yet still laughing, as ly restored its equilibrium.

with a desperate effort he succeeded in dragging her o the upper side of the slanting cabin, and momentar-

She disengaged herself gently, with neither excite-

torn them from their fastenings was still holding the warmly.

a stump with a projecting branch. Bracing himself against it he shoved off the cabin. But when he struck out to follow it he found that the log nearest seated and padding off again. "You don't know how near you came to losing out." him was loose and his grasp might tear it away.

At the same moment, however, a pink calloo arm coat collar. The cabin half revolved as the girl

a new Bret Harte story, "The Secret of Sobriente's Well," will begin.

se quiek as you kin!"

To her surprise, however, Hemmingway tossed the blanket aside, and pointing to the floor, which was already filled with water, ran to the still warm stove. detached it from its pipe and threw it overboard. The sack of flour, bacon, molasses and sugar and all the heavier articles followed into the stream. Relieved of heir weight, the cabin rose an inch or two higher, Then he sat down, and said:

"There! That may keep us affoat for that 'couple of hours' you spoke of. So I suppose I may talk now!"
"Ye haven't no time," she said, in a graver voice, "It won't be as long as a couple of hours now. Look

over thar!" He looked where, she pointed, across the gray e panse of water. At first he could see nothing. Presently he saw a mere dot on its face, which at times

changed to a single black line.
"It's a/log-like these," he said. "It's no log. It's an Injin's dug-out, comin' for me."
"Your father?" he said joyfully.

She smiled pityingly.
"It's Tom Flynn. Father's got suthin' else to look

after. Tom Flynn hasn't." A cance made from a hollowed log.

"And who's Tom Flynn?" havasked, gravely, with a slight color.

The rose that blossomed on her check faded in his. then the whole structure tilted to one side and they pertinence a moment ago. How could I have known

> "You took no more than you deserved or than Tom would have objected to," she said, with a little laugh. "You've been mighty kind and handy."
> "I'm afraid," he said, with a forced laugh, "that I

was a little too hasty in disposing of your goods and possessions. We could have kept affoat a little longer." They remained there for an instant breathless. But "It's all the same," she said, with a slight laugh, in that instant he had drawn her face to his and ki-sed "It's jest as well we didn't look too comfable—to him." He did not reply-he did not dare to look at her! Yes! It was the same coquette he had seen last night!

She disengaged herself gently, with neither exchement nor emotion, and pointing to the open door, said:

His first impressions were correct!

The cance came on rapidly now, propelled by a Two of the logs which formed the foundation of their floor were quietly floating in the water before the cabin. The submerged obstacle or snag which had simply to the girl and shock Hemmingway's hand

Then he made a hurried apology for his delay. It Hermingway saw the danger. He ran along the marrow ledge to the point of contact and unhesitat- He had struck out first for the most dangerous spotingly leaped into the icy cold water. It reached his armpits before his feet struck the obstacle—evidently and new growth—and it seemed he was right; and all

near you came to losing me."

Then she raised her beautiful eyes and looked sig-At the same moment, however, a pink cance arm fluttered above his head and a strong grasp seized his necessary coat collar. The cabin half revolved as the girl dragged him in the open door.

"You bantam!" she said, with a laugh; "why didn't and the secretary was able to make a favorable re-

pityingly on her white face.

He, too, had evidently passed a eleepless night.

At almost the same moment Brinker's card was brought to her.

"Look here, little girl," he said, very gently, "I've "Look here, little girl," he said, very gently, "I've got a plan to propose to you. You're run down ansmiserable. You need rest and change. I want you to go to Europe. Go alone if you like. I wan't bother you or come near you. But I'll make the money end of the trip all right. Go there. Travel for a year. Buy everything you like. Have a good time. It'll take your mind off all you've been through lately. I don't ask any sort of reward. Remember that. I love you. That's all. And I want you to be happy. When can you go?"

Before she could reply Bric Clargreaves entered, and she turned to him eagerly. Brinker noted the action and his heart smote him.

"Katinka, I've found a way!" oried Erie, enthusias

"What is it?"

"I don't think it would interest Mr. Brinker," seld Eric, stiffly, noting Brinker's presence for the first

"You can speak before him. He has my in heart. Tell me your plan."
"Our country is at war," began Eric. "Some of our

brave fellows will never come back. Others can only reverently. "She is return if they are nursed back to health by turber skill. It is at such times we remember we belong to our country first, to each other next and to or "I'm going to stay and see you're all right." he replied.
"No. Go with the rest. I'm all right," she ordered, into the drawing-room and looked down over the line of the drawing-room and looked down over the line of the morning a sick shill, "Good night. I'll call in the morning to stay and see you're all right," he replied to the engineers. Dear, you remember you took a sind of the engineers. Dear, y





MARIO MARIO



term of mur at a still available at I shall be a bridge of the same to be a bridge of the same of the ARRAH NA POGUE GRAND Old Cross Roads.

Amusements. THE THEATRE THE PARTY OF SHEET EVENINGS, 5.15. MAY. SATCHBAY. THE WILD ROSE NEW BAVOY THEATEN. SIC. D. C. T. ROBERT EDESON APPROPRIE PLANTED AGLARS THEA. WILLIAM COLLIER SPILOSAT CRITERION " DOLLAR ... THE RESERVE LESLIF CARTERIO PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS MANNERS THEOTOL. THE TOTAL PORT OF THE PASTOR OF THE BEARTS AFLAME DEWEY MATINES TO DA Mut. To-M'r'w, 28c.-BOL. HARLE FRANCE OF AN ETAILS Brooklyn Avousements

MONTAUK & UNDER TWO PLA

knew his security-perhaps had even seen it safely in a leaning posture, supporting herself on one arm. "Has this ever happened to the cabin before?" he apron string as she said in a demure voice asked, as he thought of its peculiar base. "Well, I reckoned it was just too killin' to think of you, who didn't want to talk to me, and would hev He looked at the water again. There was a decided given your hull plie to hev skipped out o' this-jest current. The overflow was evidently no part of the stuck here alongside o' me, whether you would or no-original inundation. He put his hand in the water. It for knows how long!" was ley cold. Yes! He understood it now. It was the "But that was last night," he said, in a tone of sudden melting of snow in the Sierras which had raillery. "I was tired, and you said so yourself, you brought this volume down the canyon. But was there know. What shall I tell you?" more still to come? Have you anything like a long pole or stick in the 'Nary," said the girl, opening her big eyes and shak-"Yes. ing her head with a simulation of despair, which was, however, flatly contradicted by her laughing mouth. "Yes, everything." She stopped, and leaning for-A MODERN MAGDALEN.

By AMELIA BINGHAM.

Katinika Jenkins, a poor Brooklyn girl, to provide delteacies to prolong the life of her sick sister, leaves home with Lindsay, a rich clubman,andbecomes famous on the stage as "the Mad Cap." The sister recovers and falls in love with John Strong, a reformer, who visitsKatinka in her private life. Katinka is about to reveal to him her relationship to Ofivia, when the hand of her former lover, Eric, restrains her. (Copyrighted, 1902, by the Press Publishing Co.)

foulards or summer silks, and those foulard is not cut away; if it is out who have will find an attractive and away turn back the rough edges and

pretty design for a figured organdle in sew the ribbon ends on the inside.

An Old Love. HE restraining hand laid on Katinka's arm as He went in silence, followed to the elevator by the she was on the point of revealing to Strong her whole guying, laughing troop of guests. Fischer went A relationship to Olivia was Eric Hargreaves's.

He had learned from Mrs. Jenkins that Strong was

Eric and Katinka were left alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

Judging from the letters I receive

all of my readers have not made their

the illustration, which is suitable for

organdie as well as silk.

The original Le Costume Royal model

is made of dainty pompadour silk, trimmed with lace insertion and velvet

ribbon. The rosettes of mousseline de

sole have pretty jewelled buckles as

How stylish this model would be made of black and white foulard or summer silk. Silks are very reasonable this season-the prices of some as low as 41 cents. But these are not up-to-date designe, although the quality may be style and quality both. It requires four teen yards of silk for this design, the front and back of the skirt being

If one cannot afford a taffeta slip, the

India elip, with the taffeta at the bottom in ruffles or platting, to give the

ing of India silk. Cut it across the

I have advised this elik elip for the

away between the insertions, having the straps of ribbon velvet to hold

purpose of allowing the foulard to be

it in place and glimpson of the blue to

show between the straps. If you do no to line your gown with still, use

good percaline lining, but do not out named the found between the rows of

The cuickle skirt is plutted in deep

piects, down both the front and hack. The block design of invertion holds tier

pints flat, as for as the known, Salling

fourierd or may soft still around not flore

ar well as a possession all second a would suggest a cluster of helf-inch tudies around the tener come of the

The way to carry out a cities arimming of this kind is to have a com of basting or marking thread for the top your of

untion all amone of this time include White supplied to dette prior

Also geter de prigidant gant de ganti etimope.
Witten oute galle de matition des vides han entire de gantines privates de ser ser de la portion private de ser de la portion de la porti

parents and age (Fine) and does and a itae ao dhe correspondible peint on the cities while of the diliti dies in accordant

emptiging time at Signi disks finistrating time sales, facility asserted to dailer time philadises attracting assertion to desire at dis-

on there in finance offers.

weave, not lengthwise, as this gives I

necessary flare, is a good idea. He careful when cutting a water lin-

platted.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

coming to see "the Madcap," and remembering what. Katinka had told him of her present life, jumped at the conclusion that she and "the Madcap" were one. Accordingly he had followed to prevent if possible some such scene as was now impending, and had ar

"You can't do it, dear," he said, gently but with a

firmness that commanded obedien The avowal that was to wreck Strong's marital plans died on her lips.
"Go!" she commanded the little reformer.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN PARIS AND LONDON GOWNS.

BY MME. LOUISE.

POMPARATOR BULLE, WITH LACE TREEDITION AND WILLIAM STERNING

what?"

rived barely in time.

"Why have you come here?" she asked at last, a yourself—your real self—once more. For you aren't phial labelled with skull and crossbones. She had put trange look creeping into her eyes. "I thought you yourself now, dear. When you said, over a year ago, it in there long ago against some such emergency. strange look creeping into her eyes. "I thought you

were cured of your folly of loving me." "I have come, dearest," he answered, "because my awaken from the bad dream you are now walking

than you know yourself. I know how true and noble meet the returning guests. "I'm not unhappy. I am "So much the better," she answered, with a hard laugh. Then, more earnestly, "Go. Eric. You mustn't stay here. You—you don't know what you mustn't your real nature is. 1 know how you must abhor this still 'the Madcap.'

stay here. You-you don't know what you make me Under the ministrations of Brinker suffer."

Under the ministrations of Brinker suffer." "If I go now," said Eric, turning away, "it will only

always. I shall always be hear you till you come to

sole, or something more substantial

would be black velvet ribbon rosettes. The front of the bodice is trimmed

The neck is our square and finished trimmed with rosettes, which would be

with a little edging to match the inser- pretty made of pale blue mousseline de

"Has he gone?" she murmured.
"Who? Little Strong? Yes, Long ago. Mr. Fischer be to come back. I shall never leave you again, whatpoured a siphon of vichy on his head as he went down ever happens. Nothing can shake that decision. the elevator." 'Many waters cannot quench love.' I shall follow you

"You're better now aren't you. Madcap?" "Poor old Madeap! It was the close air and the Thus her friends answered her, and she, looking

> on the upper sleeve to give sufficient material to form a pretty fulness at the elbow. The lower sleeve, of slik, is closed. Sorry to break up the party so early. Thank God!" whispered Eric. saved!" One by one they said good night, until only Brinker saved!" remained.

with rosettes also, being larger than plied. those on the sieeves. The proper way to make rosettes of narrow ribbon is to

twenty-five cent piece and make the loop of velvet all the same length (about three or four inches) and sew the ends together, which forms the loop as you see "In the morning!" echoed Katinka, dully, sinking sew them to the circle.

For a silk gown I would advise oream colored point Venice lace. You will need two places (twelve yards an a piece and organide dress use Valenciennes macroin. A good quality may be bought at one dollar a piece.

For an organide dress use Valenciennes macroin. A good quality may be bought at one dollar a piece.

For an organide dress use Valenciennes macroin. A good quality may be bought at one dollar a piece.

For an organide dress use Valenciennes macroin. A good quality may be bought at one dollar a piece.

For an organide dress use Valenciennes macroin. A good quality may be bought at one dollar a piece.

For an organide dress use Valenciennes macroin. A good quality may be bought at one dollar a piece.

For an organide dress use Valenciennes macroin. A good quality may be bought at one dollar a piece.

For an organide dress use Valenciennes our. Albert Lindsey robbed his own children to buy at the circle of the deak and from a drawer took a like the gown, or of wide veicet ribbon.

The morning—there will be no morning," she man she is to marry is a loved him as a child trust its mother; even as she loved him as a child trust its mother; even as she loved him as a child trust its mother; even as she loved him as a child trust its mother; even as she loved him as a piece.

For an organide dress use Valenciennes our. Albert Lindsey robbed his own children to buy at one of the material with an organization of the East River into shimmering gold.

The long sash ends are held in at increase of the crease our. Albert Lindsey robbed his own children to buy at one of the material with a piece.

The long sash ends are held in at increase of the crease our. Albert Lindsey, robbed his own children to buy and the circle of the deak and turned the misers our for the long sash ends are held in

She went to the deak and from a drawer took a regiment bound for the Spanish war.

it in there long ago against some such emergency.
"I'm so tired! So worn out!" she murmured, pouring you'd never weep again I knew you would some day the contents of the phial into a wine glass. duty lies here. It belongs to the only human being I in and weep again. I know it still. At heart you are low walking the contents of the phia into a wine grass. And, at love. I have thought it over day and night till my brain was sick. But at last my duty lies clear before me. I've come here to save you."

"To save me?" she echoed, wonderingly. "From what?"

"I'll phaney!" oried Katipka shaking of the into the phia into a wine grass. And, at the contents of the phia into a wine grass. And, at the last, Eric is the only one I am sorry to leave. If I'd only known a year ago that it was he my heart really loved! But that's all passed and gone. If there is a God may He in His infinite mercy forgive the child who, wandering in the dark, has strayed from "To save me?" she echoed, wonderingly. "From child." child." child who, "Unhappy!" cried Katinka, shaking off the influ-"From yourself, Katinka. I know you far better ence of his words by a great effort and running to She raised the glass to her lips. For the second time that evening a restraining hand

touched her arm. "Eric!" she gasped. "I thought you had gone." "If that," said Eric quietly, pointing to the poison, is the only way, take it. But I shall come, too."

stony face twitched spasmodically, but she could not speak. "If you die," went on Eric, "I shall die with you. I told you I should never leave you again.

The hardness left the girl's face, and into its place crept a look of childish fear and sorrow. "Eric!" she faltered. "I shall be faithful to you, even to the grave," he

said. about, could not see Eric, but judged he, too, had gone.

"Oh, Eric: Eric, and her nerveless fingers, "my heart is broken!"
She sank to the floor, her whole form wrung with "Oh, Eric! Eric!" she sobbed, the glass falling from

Gray dawn was creeping like a ghost through the last o all. I have volunteered and am est

make rosettes of narrow ribbon is to
cut a circle of crinoline as large as a
twenty-five cent piece and make the loop
how you are."

"Very good," he agreed, as one humoring a sick
child. "Good night. I'll call in the morning to see
how you are."

"A great calm rested on her spirit; the first she had
how you are."

"A great calm rested on her spirit; the first she had
how you are."

WEEK. 290 BM ans. Mar 2046 BROOKLYN - 700 Brossinsy